

Broken Poem For A Country

tell me a country
a country
me a country
count
me
tell me a country is a convene
is a convene
a country is a convene
of one ocean and two holy rivers
two holy rivers
smudging in dead bodies that float over the river
smudging in dead bodies that float over the river
smudging in dead bodies that
two holy rivers that commingle from the fold mountains turning blue in winter
two holy rivers that commingle from the fold mountains turning blue in winter
winter in blue turning mountains
commingle two holy rivers
of one ocean and two holy rivers
of one ocean surrounding the hairpin bends
the hairpin bends
of one ocean
surrounding the hairpin bends
bends
before the vegetation
or an arid desert there is a line of control you must not enter. cover the night-sky with stars
so nobody can see what lies beyond the barbed wires; or hear the shrill cry of an animal afar
stars with night-sky cover. enter
a line of control you must not
beyond the barbed wires; or hear the shrill cry of an
of an
of an
of an animal afar calling to her own
to calling afar
calling to her own
how far have we reached?
how far
we reached?
how far have we reached?
even the last of water is too much for our thirst:
even the last of water is too much for our thirst:
even the last of water
our thirst
the last of water is a plethora
tell me a country
a country
me a country
count